ACROSTIC.

Mary, wilt Thou have Me?

M ary, tho' I'm doomed to languish—
A nd fear there's no relief for me,
R ack'd with sorrow, torn with anguish,
Y et my soul will cling to thee.

W hen these eyes did first behold you,
I n your youthful beauties dressed—
L ur'd to love—too soon they told you
T hat you triumph'd o'er my breast.

T his heart is now, oh! sadly torn,
H arrass'd with a thousand fears—
O h! doom it not to pine and moan,
U nwept, unpitied, by your tears.

H ope of my life! let pity move,
A h! let its tender passion reign,
V eil'd in its garb, let gentle love
E ntreat you to assuage my pain.

M ary, forever wilt thou be
E nrich'd with all that's dear to me.

Andrews, No. 38 Chatham St., N. Y.
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